

NUMBER 46

The farm comprises six hundred acres of rolling land of the most productive kind, but has been diverted from a natural wheat farm into a stock one, and as we stroll over the broad fields at the eighty head of noble Shorthorn steers we see how admirably it is adapted for their home, for usually they graze in grass up to their knees, and with the owners' system of watering them in each field by pure spring water conducted into tanks, and with plenty of shade beneath noble forest trees, they cannot but look sleek and fat, with their coats smooth and glistening in the sun. The house stands on an eminence overlooking the whole farm, and is a stately brick, two stories high, and one of the best farm houses in the State; while the barns are large and ample. This herd has been bred to its present condition through a long series of years, commencing some twenty-five years ago, by the father, William Curtis, and still on through later years by the two sons Dwight and Fred in connection with him. Some mishaps may have been met within these years, but still they kept on with an eye single to one purpose which, with energy and perseverance, with a careful study of the business, has been accomplished, as we must infer on seeing the entire herd. They have purchased some of the best bred stock to be found, regardless of price, and have had some of the best bulls in the land to head their herd at various intervals. With our confined limits, it will be impossible to write of the breeding and merit of each individual, but we will mention some that pleased us remarkably well. The herd at present is headed by the four year old red with little white Lord Barrington of Hillhurst, who was purchased from and bred by M. H. Cochran, of Hillhurst, Canada, and weighed as a three year old 1,930 lbs. He was got by 7th Duke of Hillhurst 24321, out of Marchioness of Barrington 4th by 2nd Duke of Hillhurst 12893, and as we trace his royal lineage we find in the line of sires the 1st Duke of Hillhurst, the 2nd Duke of Hillhurst, and the 2nd Duke of Collingham to be pure Dukes, the Duke of Brailles a pure Bates got by 4th Duke of Thorndale (17750); the 7th Grand Duke was by Grand Duke 3d (6189), out of Grand Duchess 4th, the 9th Duke of Oxford, a pure Oxford, etc. He is grand in lineage and proportions, heavy shouldered and quartered, straight line above and below, full in the crops, round ribbed, broad in loin, and a masculine, vigorous animal, with a reputation as a valuable stock getter. In the stable beside him, and sired by him, is a magnificent yearling bull Peri Duke, out of Peri Duchess 4th, who was bred by Avery & Murphy, of Detroit, and got by Marquis of Oxford 38661, out of Peri Duchess by 23d Duke of Airdrie (41850), and who has now a fine calf by her side. This Peri Duke, it will be noticed, has eight top crosses of pure Bates. The large eight year old Poppy 3d Julia was bred by E. F. Vanmeter, of Kentucky, was got by Abe Johnson 18383 (bred by A. Renick), out of Poppy's Julia by Airdrie Duke 5306, etc., running to imp. Rose of Sharon by Belvedere (1706) Gentle Annie 9th was bred on the farm was got by Airdrie Renick 7468 (bred by

The Farm.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* traces the causes of hog cholera to feeding unsound corn, and gives pretty good proofs of the faith he holds. He says hog cholera has followed a crop of unsound corn, the disease following in a few months, and dying down again after a few months of good sound diet.

The *Western Rural* says: "In the twenty years ending in 1883, there have been imported into the United States over 1,300,000,000 lbs. of wool, while the total consumption of our home manufacturers has been over 5,300,000,000 pounds. With this large deficiency of product there is clearly room for a great and profitable increase in the flock, and just at present it would require 14,000 sheep, or an increase of about one-third the number now in the country, to make the production and the consumption balance. And truly there is room enough for this additional number of sheep in many States."

In reference to the statement that onions can be grown for consecutive years on the same spot with greater success than if the lo-
cation is changed, the New England *Farmer* believes it is a popular error which has been copied and recopied like the assertion that asparagus needs salt because it has been found growing wild near the sea coast. Our best gardeners have found, the *Farmer* says, that onions will grow as well where they never grew before, as upon an old bed, provided the land is made sufficiently rich and mellow. Indeed, they often do best on new land, as old beds sometimes become infested with parasitic fungi, such as onion smut, rust, blight, etc.


A CORRESPONDENT of the Indiana *Farmer* who has tested the recipe floating about, in reference to soaking wagon wheels in hot oil to prevent booming of the tires, says: "Some years ago I tested tightening wagon tires with boiling hot linsed oil, by hoisting the wheels and turning them in the oil until they were thoroughly saturated. I put a load of railroad ties on the wagon and started on the road, got two miles from home and had to throw the ties off and go to the shop and get the tree cut and set; but they never got loose

shrink. The fellos and the trees become longer than they were before they were submerged in the boiling oil."


THE editor of the *American Dairyman* says: "We raise all our beefsteak calves that are at all promising by never letting them suck, and giving them the whole milk for four or five days, then half skim, soon all skim milk, thickened with a very fine linseed oil-cake meal gruel, gradually withholding the oil-cake meal until they begin to eat grass, and cutting off the skim milk when sweet apples come into season. They have all they want. Bull calves get skim milk and oil-milk in good measure, as they can bear it, until they are six weeks old, when they are sold as veals, and are as fat as seals. We are often complimented by the butchers, who say, not infrequently: "Any body who says there is no skim milk in that vyal!"

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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some will press down more than others in order to carry solid. In packing it will pay to have apples sorted according

when prices are high gives a large profit to the growers, nearly \$500 per acre being realized in this way in some years. But

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State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

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The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, NOV. 18, 1884.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 119,017 bu., against 131,564 bu. the previous week and 111,457 bu. for corresponding week in 1883. Shipments for the week were 240,465 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 406,666 bu., against 577,837 last week, and 285,198 bu. the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on November 8 was 35,594,729 bu., against 34,301,533 the previous week, and 30,775,446 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 1,993,191 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending November 8 were 1,003,831 bu., against 1,374,174 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 8,613,032 bu. against 7,532,389 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

Wheat has developed no features of special importance the past week. Markets have ruled quiet and dull, with occasional demands for spot that imparted a little animation to the trade. On the whole trade has ruled light, with prices steady at about the range of a week ago. Shipments have exceeded the receipts. Sales for the week were only 400 cars of spot and 350,000 bu. of futures. Yesterday this market opened under Saturday's closing figures, ruled bearish all day, and closed with prices below the range at the opening. The sales of spot were 102 cars, and of futures 130,000 bu. The Chicago market was weak and lower, closing about 10c under Saturday's figures. No. 2 red closed at 73c, No. 3 do. at 60c per bu. Toledo was weak and lower, with No. 2 red spot and November deliveries at 67c, December at 67c, and January at 70c per bu.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from Nov. 1st to Nov. 17th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Nov. 1	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 3	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 4	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 5	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 6	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 7	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 8	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 9	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 10	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 11	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 12	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 13	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 14	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 15	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 16	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
" 17	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white each day of the past week for the various deals:

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Tuesday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Wednesday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Thursday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Friday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Saturday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Sunday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2

For No. 2 red closing prices on futures each day for the week were as follows:

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Tuesday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Wednesday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Thursday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Friday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Saturday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Sunday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2

The following statement shows the amount of wheat in sight at the dates given this season as compared with last year:

	Nov. 1884	Nov. 1883
Visible supply in U. S. and Can.	34,301,533	30,775,446
On passage for United Kingdom	15,000,000	15,000,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	2,760,000	2,760,000
Total, Oct. 25	52,061,533	48,535,446
Total previous week	50,117,446	46,722,310
Total two weeks ago	48,535,446	45,000,000
Total Nov. 3, 1883	50,387,778	46,722,310

While the markets show no improvement on this side of the Atlantic, on the other side the dullness in the breadstuff trade is still more pronounced. British farmers are still delivering large quantities of wheat, although prices are below cost. It is considered probable, however, that from this time forward deliveries will cease, as farmers will have secured sufficient funds to carry them for a time. It is probable receipts in the United States will begin to shorten up from the same cause, which would have a tendency to strengthen the market. A strong argument against any advance, however, exists in the depressed condition of labor in Europe, the result of the closing of factories and the stagnation in general business. The potato crop, too, has turned out well, and the masses will trust to this cheaper substitute to replace bread. To a certain extent the same causes are at work in this country, and tend to lower prices and weaken the trade.

The movement of wheat from Russia is small and diminishing, and the same may be said of Australia, British India and Chili. From India business from first hands is very slow, owing to the low prices ruling, the natives refusing to sell at present prices; the shipments consequently continue very small, being mostly in fulfillment of old contracts. The exports of wheat from Bombay from January 1st to the end of September have been 11,429,372 bu., against 15,600,679 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883.

The growing crops and pastures in all the Australian colonies are reported to have severely suffered from drought; and although recent rains have saved the wheat crop from the almost complete destruction at one time feared, it is stated that there appears to be little hope of a prolific harvest this year.

The following table shows the price

ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Nov. 17	Nov. 10
Flour, extra State	10s. 9 d.	10s. 9 d.
Wheat, No. 1 white	8s. 6 d.	8s. 6 d.
do Spring No. 2 old	7s. 3 d.	7s. 3 d.
do do new	6s. 6 d.	6s. 6 d.
do Winter Western	6s. 6 d.	6s. 6 d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 16,713 bu., against 12,996 bu. the previous week, and 52,656 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. Shipments were 6,672 bu. The visible supply in the country on Nov. 8th amounted to 5,085,143 bu., against 4,553,500 bu. the previous week, and 9,634,395 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 888,040 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 331,754 bu., against 99,956 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 1,510,173 bu., against 7,855,243 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 3,750 bu., against 9,230 bu. last week, and 22,964 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Corn has not commanded much attention the past week, but has ruled fairly steady. Prices are about the same as a week ago. No. 2 is quoted at 42c, high mixed at 43c, and new mixed at 43c per bu. On the street farmers receive 38c@40c per bu., according to quality. At Chicago corn is higher, but closed weak. No. 2 spot is selling there at 42c@43c, November deliveries at 42c@43c, the year at 37c@37c, and January at 35c. Toledo is quiet, with No. 2 spot selling at 43c, November deliveries at 42c, and the year at 38c. The weaker feeling noted in Chicago arises from the fact that it is certain a few more days of favorable weather will cure up a large portion of the crop so that it will grade No. 2, and large receipts of the new crop are looked for as soon as this condition is attained. This makes speculators very conservative, and has a tendency to weaken holders of old corn. The following statement shows the visible supply in the United States and Canada, and on passage to the United States and the Continent of Europe at dates named, as compared with the same date last year:

Visible supply in U. S. and Can.	4,553,500
On passage for United Kingdom	648,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	216,000
Total, Nov. 1	5,417,500
Total previous week	5,085,143
Total two weeks ago	4,553,500
Total Nov. 3, 1883	12,335,778

Yesterday corn declined in all the principal markets. Here No. 2 dropped to 41c, and new mixed to 40c under liberal receipts, closing weak and unsettled.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted steady at 5s. 5d. per cental for new mixed, and 5s. 6d. for old do., the same figures as reported a week ago.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 21,158 bu. against 33,578 bu. the previous week, and 44,400 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. The shipments were 33,333 bu. The visible supply of this grain on November 8 was 3,685,469 bu., against 5,516,251 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 34,558 bu., against 49,026 bu. the previous week, and 77,115 bu. at the same date last year. The exports for Europe the past week were 60,370 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 433,306 bu., against 1,496 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1883. The visible supply shows a decrease of 343,973 bu. during the week. While the market has not been active, values range a little higher than a week ago, and No. 2 white are quoted at 26c per bu., No. 2 mixed at 27c, and light mixed at 28c. On the street quotations are 24c@26c per bu. for ungraded. The Chicago market closed dull, but prices are higher there than a week ago. No. 2 mixed cash are quoted at 26c per bu., November deliveries at 26c, December at 26c, and May at 24c. The Toledo market is quoted steady at 27c per bu. for No. 2 mixed, and 37c for November deliveries. The New York market is quiet, and some grades are a shade lower. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 31c; No. 2 do., 32c; No. 1 do., 33c; No. 2 Chicago mixed, 32c; No. 3 white, 31c; No. 2 do., 32c; No. 1 white, 36c; Western white, 33c@37c; State white, 34c@37c.

HOPS AND BARLEY.

Hops show no signs of improvement, although interior New York markets are reported to be a little firmer. In this market hops are steady at 18c@20c for State, with light business doing. At Waterville 20c is the highest price being paid for prime hops, and the market is not active at that figure. Low grades are neglected, and could not be sold at less than 20c@23c decline from the prices of two weeks ago. The New York market is also dull and neglected, with demand from all sources very light. Holders, however, are inclined to hold on to stocks on the chance of the trade taking a favorable turn now that the political situation is more settled. Quotations in the New York market yesterday were as follows:

N. Y. State, crop of 1884, prime to choice	21c @ 22
do do do low to fair	19c @ 20
N. Y. State, crop of 1884, good to prime	16c @ 18
Pacific coast, crop of 1884, fair to prime	18c @ 20
Eastern do do do	16c @ 18

The receipts of barley in this market the past week were 19,692 bu., against 26,889 the previous week, and 24,843 the corresponding week last year. The shipments were nothing. The visible supply of this grain in the United States and Canada on November 8th was 2,478,833 bu., against 2,388,661 bu. the previous week, and 2,456,925 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. The warm weather has put off the malting season, and made buyers less anxious to secure stocks of this grain, but the market has ruled stronger. State barley of good quality is in demand, and buyers have advanced prices. Prime samples of State have sold up to \$1.50 per cental, and quotations run from \$1.30 to \$1.45 for the average of the receipts. But little Canada barley is being received, but fine samples would be worth \$1.60 to \$1.75 per cental. Western is not in demand. The Chicago market is better, and No. 2 by sample sells at 62c@66c, per bu., No. 3 at 42c@60c, and

No. 4 at 39c@50c per bu. At Milwaukee barley is quoted quiet at 53c per bu. for No. 2 western, and 46c for No. 3 extra. The position of this grain is improving.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Butter does not improve, and the pleasant weather of the past ten days, coupled with large receipts of very ordinary quality, has had a demoralizing influence upon the market. Good lots of fresh made table butter do not appear to be plenty, but dealers are not offering over 20c@22c per lb. for this class of stock. Creamery retails its old position, and is quoted at 28c@30c per lb., with a quick market. Low grade stock is dull and neglected, and regular prices are out of the question. Butter substitutes are selling at 16c@17c per lb., and said to be in good demand. They are preferred to strong flavored or rank butter, as they do not have any objectionable flavor while fresh, and afford retailers a chance to make a larger margin than they can on good butter. Of course the whole business is a fraud, but as no one takes the trouble to prosecute the perpetrators, the swindle is becoming a regular part of the business of the average corner grocery. The victims swear a little, but have no time to bring the swindlers to justice. Other markets are in much the same condition as our own. At Chicago prices have declined, and the market is weak and irregular. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 27c@28c; fair to choice do., 24c@26c; choice dairy, 21c@22c; fair to good do., 16c@20c; common grades, 15c@16c; packing stock, 8c@9c. At New York prices have also declined, and except for gilt-edged stock the market is unsettled and weak. The N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday, says of the market:

"Butter has shaded about 1c@2c on the best stock and still more on the poorer qualities, when the latter could be sold at all. Even for families, however, the demand did not appear to have much life, and the amount taken has been gauged, pretty closely to early and actual necessity. The State creamery packing seems to have lost quality, and Western creameries to make a reasonable position in the front rank. Of State creamery the supply is increasing and some of the finest have sold fairly, but no unusual vigor was shown in the movement. On the great bulk of the stock, such as can hardly expect any other than a foreign outlet, matters are not in good shape."

State stock is quoted there as follows:

Creamery, fancy, pails, etc.	23 1/2
Creamery, choice, pails, etc.	23 1/2
Creamery, prime	23 1/2
Creamery, fair to good	23 1/2
Creamery, ordinary	23 1/2
Half-fats, tubs and pails, fancy	27 1/2
Half-fats, tubs, best	25 1/2
Half-fats, tubs, fair to good	25 1/2
Half-fats, tubs, ordinary	25 1/2
Welsh tubs, best	25 1/2
Welsh tubs, fair to good	25 1/2
Welsh tubs, ordinary	25 1/2

Quotations on western stock in that market are as follows:

Western imitation creamery, choice	23 1/2
Western do, good to prime	23 1/2
Western do, ordinary to fair	23 1/2
Western do, best	23 1/2
Western dairy, good	23 1/2
Western dairy, ordinary	23 1/2
Half-fats, tubs, best	25 1/2
Half-fats, tubs, fair to good	25 1/2
Half-fats, tubs, ordinary	25 1/2
Welsh tubs, best	25 1/2
Welsh tubs, fair to good	25 1/2
Welsh tubs, ordinary	25 1/2

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending Nov. 8 were 871,513 lbs., against 848,769 lbs. the previous week, and 1,968,670 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1883 were 1,434,883 lbs. Cheese maintains a steady range of values in this market for all fine stock, but shows weakness at other points. Quotations here are 12c@12c per lb. for full cream State, with 13c sometimes paid for a favorite brand. Some stock is being offered 12c less, but it has been weakened by the skimmer. The present price is so high as to check consumption to some extent, as retailers ask 16c@18c per lb., according to the strength of their consciences and the length of the purses of their customers. Cheese-makers have had a fine season, taking values and weather both into consideration, and most factories must have done well. Chicago market is not as active as usual at this season, and values show a decline. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, September makes, per lb., 12c; full flats, 12c; choice skimmed, 8c@8c; common to fair skins, 5c@6c; low grades, 10c@12c; Young America, full cream, 12c. At New York holders of choice selections have been able to advance figures, but the bulk of the stock on hand does not appear to be wanted at present values. Special selections sometimes bring a fraction above quotations, but such lots are rare. Quotations there are as follows:

State factory, full cream fancy colored	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, full cream fancy white	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, full cream fancy	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, full cream	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, full cream	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, full cream	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, full cream	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, full cream	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, full cream	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, full cream	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2

The official weekly bulletin of the Ingersoll, Canada, cheese market for the week ending November 11, 1884, says: "Thirteen factories offered 8,800 boxes of cheese, Sept. and balance of season's make; 1,740 boxes sold as follows: 240 at 11c; 900 at 12c and 600 at 13c. In consequence of the large number of cheese yet unsold in this district, the Committee has decided to keep the market open one week longer, so that next Tuesday the 18th inst., will be the closing market for this season. Seventeen factorymen and eight buyers present."

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 62s. per cwt., an advance of 1s. over the figures reported one week ago.

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 38,975 boxes against 40,510 boxes the previous week and 32,575 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the week ending Nov. 8 foot up 3,274,245 lbs., against 3,942,466 lbs. the previous week, and 7,232,700 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 3,145,296 lbs.

The Cincinnati Price Current says the total hog packing in the west from Nov. 1st to Nov. 13th is 125,000 to 140,000 of the same time last year, but about equal to that of corresponding time in 1882. It is likely that the warm weather has interfered with the receipts of hogs, and also that as corn is a good crop this year farmers prefer putting a few pounds more weight on their hogs before sending them to market. Prices are not high enough to make farmers anxious to market at present.

The New York Machine Co., of Newark, Ohio, have removed their factory to the large Call Car Works at Columbus, Ohio, which have been refitted with new machinery and tools for the construction of Victor clover hullers, grain drills, hay rakes, lawnmowers and feed cutters.

Michigan Horticultural Society.

The Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Michigan State Horticultural Society will be held at the court house in Ann Arbor, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 1, 2, 3, in acceptance of an invitation from the Washtenaw Pomological Society.

The headquarters of the society will be at the Cook House. Entertainment will be furnished all members of the society by friends, and it is desirable that all who contemplate attending the meeting notify Evert H. Scott, at Ann Arbor, immediately.

Reduced rates on all Michigan railroads. But Secretary Garfield should be communicated with at once that proper certificates may be sent.

The following is an incomplete list of subjects to be taken up for discussion. A full working programme will be issued previous to the convention.

1. Relation of culture to hardiness.
2. Making horticultural displays.
3. Judging fruits at fairs.
4. In what way may horticultural societies benefit city residents.
5. Progress in Michigan horticulture.
6. Rural periodicals and our duty towards them.
7. Feeding for manure.
8. Horticultural statistics in Michigan.
9. The apple maggot.
10. Facts concerning back lice.
11. Habits of some of our friendly insects.
12. Savage horticulture.
13. Rusts, smuts and molds.
14. Flowering shrubs for the garden and lawn.
15. Grapes and grape rot.
16. Southern competition in vegetables.
17. Warding off frosts.
18. Growing, selling and keeping winter squashes.
19. Studies in the woods.
20. The nurseryman and the planter.

It is very desirable that we have an exhibit of such fruits as will be in season, especially anything new or excellent. The society will furnish plates, claps and cards. Friends about Ann Arbor are especially invited to bring in samples of all kinds of winter apples that succeed well in that vicinity.

Several professors at the university and from the Agricultural College will have addresses and lead in discussions. President Saunders and Secretary Beadle, of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, and President Ohmer, of the Ohio Horticultural Society, will be with us and aid in the discussions. The reports of officers and election will take place on Wednesday, and the last evening will be given up to five minute addresses.

A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in progressive horticulture to be present and take part in the exercises. Inquiries and applications for railroad certificates should be addressed to CHARLES W. GARFIELD, Sec'y., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Michigan Shorthorn Cattle Breeders' Association.

The fourth annual meeting will be held in the Capitol at Lansing, commencing Tuesday evening, December 2d, at seven o'clock. The programme will be as follows:

TUESDAY EVENING, 7 P. M.
Address of President.
Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer.
Address of R. F. Batchelor, of Livingston, "Past and Present of Shorthorns."

WEDNESDAY, 9 A. M.
Address by Prof. A. J. Cook, "Food Assimilation and the Breeding of Beef."
Address by L. D. Watkins, of Washtenaw, "The Selection and Feeding of Cattle for Beef."
Report of delegates to the National Cattle Convention.

AFTERNOON SESSION.
Address prepared by Prof. George E. Morrow, of Illinois Industrial University, "The Outlook for Shorthorn Breeders."
Address in Cows, Causes and Prevention, by Prof. E. A. Grange of the Agricultural College.
Election of officers.

EVENING SESSION.
General Discussion.
First Subject: National and State Legislation, Relating to Contagious Diseases Among Live Stock.
Comments and remarks to follow each address.

All railroads will carry at reduced rates, paying full fare going and one-third fare returning, but certificates will be required which must be signed by the ticket agent at starting point. All who expect to attend the meeting of the association and become members should send to the Secretary for a certificate.

This meeting of the Association promises to be very interesting to all breeders of Shorthorn cattle. The interest in this breed is large and increasing, and it is hoped that all breeders who possibly can will attend. The Hudson House will entertain members at \$1.50 per day.

L. H. BUTTERFIELD, Jr., Secretary.

Holstein Cattle Breeders' Association.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Holstein Cattle Breeders' Association will be held in Pioneer Hall, Capitol building, Lansing, on Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1884, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M. The following is the programme of business:

Address by President W. A. Rowley.
History of the Introduction of Holstein cattle into Michigan, I. H. Butterfield, Jr., Port Huron.
Feeding the Milch Cow, E. R. Phillips, Bay City.

Why Raise Dutch Friesian Cattle, T. W. Dunham, Bay City.
For reduced rates on all railroads certificates will be furnished by the Secretary. Delegates must purchase regular full fare tickets from starting point to Lansing and secure from the ticket agent a receipt on the certificate held by the delegate, showing that full fare to Lansing has been paid; this certificate properly certifying attendance will secure a reduced rate ticket of one-third fare on returning next day after the close of the meeting.

The Newark Machine Co., of Newark, Ohio, have removed their factory to the large Call Car Works at Columbus, Ohio, which have been refitted with new machinery and tools for the construction of Victor clover hullers, grain drills, hay rakes, lawnmowers and feed cutters.

MICHIGAN CROPS.

Report for November 1, 1884.

For this report returns have been received from 736 correspondents representing 533 townships. Five hundred and five of these returns are from 357 townships in the southern four tiers of counties.

The weight of the measured bushel of wheat of the crop of 1884 is 101 per cent of full weight, or sixty and 60-hundredths pounds.

The area seeded to wheat this fall in the southern four tiers of counties is estimated at 94 per cent and in the northern counties

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Poetry

WOULD WE BE WILLING.

Would we be willing, if the summons came,
To counteract this life, to live the same
Once more?
Sorrow and joy, and poverty and wealth,
Good days and dark days, illness and good health,
Lived o'er?

The new one just as the old one had been;
To find like friendship and the viler men,
As yesterday?
And would it pay? Life, like a play,
Is relished as we go from day to day—
But stay!

Not many a play is worthy of recall:
The actors one by one come on, and curtain fall:
They go away,
And shifting scenes, and music long and drear
Gleams on the listless weary ear.

We dread the play;
And so, as children tire of toys and sleep,
At close of life comes loss and less to keep
Us here away.

And then so many that have gone before,
And carried bright hopes to a brighter shore,
Are saying, Come!
Those absent long, with anxious gaze,
Leading and lighting all the darkest ways
Would call us home.

Would we be willing to refuse their prayer?
Ah, no! Some day we'll greet them there—
Some day!

A VIGIL.

All Souls' Day! Where have I heard or read
An old-time legend, sad and sweet,
That to-night returns the remembered dead
And walk among us with shadowy feet?
The watcher heeds no night nor sound,
But till dawn is breaking, they throng around.

Below, 'till dawn is gone from me
A year and a day, I will watch to-night,
My door shall be left ajar for thee;
I will brighten thy fire and trim thy light,
And musing softly on other days,
Vigil I'll keep by the midnight blaze.

Are there, 'till dawn is gone from me,
With whose meekness mortals may vainly cope?
Bliss is a sweeter rose to an lover?
Sings there a happier bird than hope?
Was the waking a life, or a dream foretold
Of pain and peace and gates of gold?

Thou didst love me true, I doubt it not,
To part was bitter-sweet and plain;
In the face of a smile I yet forgot
Is morning, mirth and memory vain?
Hark! 'till dawn is gone from me, so near?
It is but the sighing wind I hear.

Sadly one in mourning stood to see
The light of my heart, and her glance was kind;
Each presence vailed from our sight must be,
Thou art a part of our life, though we are blind.
In the light of the same unyielding love
We watch below, and they watch above.

Miscellaneous.

THE FIREMAN.

AN IDYL OF THE ROAD.

Two o'clock on a February afternoon,
On the northern confines of the Mojave
desert. The Southern train, like some
huge, fire-eyed serpent, trailed its human
length northward. The passengers looked
wearily out of the car window, upon a
monochromatic picture, in dull tones of
gray, the heavy leaden hues extending
even to the distance hills which bordered
the horizon and the brooding sky above.
Three hundred miles farther south the
very isolation and sterility of the great
desert waste invests the region with a
charm all its own, and imparts a peculiar
interest to each bit of rock, sprig of vege-
tation, or rarer token of animal life.

On the Mojave the traveller is op-
pressed with the sense of the hopelessly
commonplace. The level and sterile
ground, lying in close proximity to pro-
ductive and fertile districts, the ranks of
tall cacti, filling in endless succession at
all angles from his line of vision, the
scanty vegetation of wiry grasses, which
only serve to accentuate the poverty of
the soil, and the occasional dusty roads,
circling about like aimless wanderers
weigh down upon the helpless mediocrity
of an individual to whose society he is
condemned.

Were any element needed to emphasize
the forlorn situation, it was supplied in
the abortive attempt at a town, where the
train slowly drew to a stand. In the rear
of the long railroad warehouse, and a
hundred yards across a stretch of gray
sand, which repeated in its dull neutral
tint the prevailing tone of the landscape
for miles around, a row of pretentious
business houses had been marshalled into
existence, and gazed forth upon the world
in painful vacuity of purpose; yet in their
dismal fronts and empty, staring windows,
lurked a suggestion of guilt, like human
beings who are conscious of having
missed their destiny; and various aggres-
sive signs flaunted before shuttered win-
dows and barricaded doors, helped to
deepen the impression.

The Pullman conductor, blandly apolo-
getic, mildly sympathetic, advanced
through the car, stopping for a few words
at each section. Behind him came the
conductor of the train, lofty and inexor-
able. A new washout had occurred fifty
miles further on, and the train had orders
to stop at Mojave until the road was re-
paired.

The passengers looked out upon the
town with newly acquired personal inter-
est, and smiled grimly at its cheerless
aspect. A group of lowly cabins would
have seemed more in accord with the
scene, and offered some suggestion of
lowly comfort; but the double row of
whompy modern buildings struck a sharp
discord in the melancholy waste, like the
tinkling notes of a fashionable waltz
sounded in the midst of a funeral dirge,
recalling the mind from the woes of the
grave to the vain frivolities and shallow
ambitions of life.

The last persons to descend from the
train were an elderly gentleman and a
young lady, the former leaning heavily
on the arm of the latter. They looked
about them with the helpless air of
strangers unused to travel and its attend-
ant train of misadventures.

"If you please," the girl addressed a
stout young fellow hurrying past, who
blackened hands and grimy countenance,
surmounted by a close-fitting cap, pro-
claimed him to be the fireman of the loco-
motive. With the quick response of a

man accustomed to obey orders with un-
questioning promptitude, he immediately
came to a stand, and touching his cap
courteously, awaited what she had to say.

"I wish you would direct us to some
quiet place. My father is an invalid and
cannot bear the noise and disturbance of
a hotel."

Her voice, though gently modulated,
had in it the subtle accent of command
with which a well-bred person addresses
an inferior.

The man hesitated and looked away
before replying. With unusual tact he
appeared to grasp at once the full per-
plexity of the situation.

"The car is at your service, you know;
but I presume that would be even worse
than a hotel, with the constant switching
up and down the track. As to the town,
with the exception of two badly kept
eating-houses it's really a dead letter.
Still, there may be a chance at Grannis's.
We'll see."

He had taken from her hands the small
travelling-bag the girl was carrying, and
giving the invalid the support of his arm,
led the way across the stretch of sand
which intervened between the railroad
building and the outposts of civilization
beyond. Over the young lady's face
flashed a momentary smile, half amaze-
ment, half vexation, as she realized the
odd companionship which she had un-
thinkingly invited. No question of social
distinctions vexed the invalid, who was
too glad to have a strong arm upon which
to lean to ask the material of the stuff that
covered it. A keen wind swept down
from the northeast, filling their eyes with
sand and cinders as they plowed their
way through the soft soil. Gaining the
sidewalk at length, they passed along over
successive grades and varieties of plank-
ing, to where a restaurant sign swung
lazily in the breeze. Here their guide
paused, and took a brief survey of the
premises through the uncurtained win-
dows.

The long room was untenanted save by
a half-dozen large tables, set out with
cheap casters and stoneware, as if in ex-
pectation of coming guests, but the thick
coating of dust over naperies and dishes,
and the festoons of cobwebs which hung
from the low ceiling and had been per-
mitted to gather undisturbed about the
dreary equipment of the tables, seemed
to indicate that the arrival of hungry
guests had been long deferred.

If Miss Wilbur was disposed to cher-
ish any romantic notions in regard to the
curious scene, her guide was prompt to
dispel them.

"Grannis set up a restaurant," he ex-
plained laconically. "Busted the first
week. Off to the mines and left his wife
here to make out the best she can. They
must have spare rooms up stairs, and she
looks like a tidy body."

A sudeny little woman, with two
children hanging to her skirts, answered
their call. Her face partook of the pre-
vailing neutral tone of the desert, even
to the dull eyes, which lacked the sunny
warmth of blue and the fire and the
sparkle of gray. Her countenance was
unmarked by her character, which having
missed the dew and sunshine of ordinary
existence, had elapsed to the dry, mo-
notonous level of the region in which it
was cast. As the fireman had anticipated,
she was ready to eke out her insufficient
income in any honest fashion, and the
travellers were soon installed in a couple
of airy rooms sparsely furnished, but suf-
ficient for their needs.

A little separate from their fellow-
passengers, and remaining for the most
part in their simple apartments, it hap-
pened that they were left to themselves
the first twenty-four hours, and missed
the genial feast of reason and flow of soul
with which old travelers beguile the irk-
some moments of detention on the road.

On the afternoon on the second day,
Miss Wilbur, answering in person a rap
at the door, was surprised to see their
whilom acquaintance, the train hand,
standing there in respectful attitude.

"May I ask after your father's health?"
"Thank you. He is feeling much better
now. He cannot expect to recruit fully
until our journey is ended."

She smiled as she spoke, reflecting that
the rough-looking fellow made quite a
respectable appearance, divested of his
coarse garments and relieved of his coat-
ing of smut and soot. He accepted the
smile as invitation to enter, and stepped
inside the door with the easy and uncon-
scious assurance of a man accustomed to
a ready welcome in the humble homes he
frequented.

Miss Wilbur stiffened perceptibly, but
the invalid, who had recognized the young
man's voice through the open door lead-
ing to the room in which he was seated,
called out a cordial greeting, and the two
men were soon engaged in a brisk conver-
sation. The young lady beheld this pro-
ceeding with unspoken disapprobation;
and after sitting some time in silence, and
seeing that the unbidden guest evinced
no inclination to leave, she brought out a
little writing-desk and busied herself
somewhat ostentatiously with her letters.

As he thought to affront the visitor by
this act, she made a signal failure. When
ever she lifted her eyes she found his
gaze fixed upon her in secret admiration
of the small head with its graceful poise,
and as he caught the glance of her eyes
he smiled a friendly response. As he rose
to take his leave, he ventured upon a
frank expression of his wishes for their
welfare.

"And you must not allow yourself to
be wearied with your enforced stay in this
bleak little place, Miss Wilbur. We
are having no end of fun down at the
train and over at the hotel—impromptu
theatricals, charades, burlesque operas.
If your father could spare you this even-
ing, now—"

"Thank you." Her voice was icy, and
the face she turned to him disturbed even
his easy composure. "You will have to
excuse me. I am not accustomed to such
gatherings."

He was moving toward the door and
she followed him, making desperate effort
to bring out something which obstinately
hid in the depths of her pocket. As he
reached the threshold she displayed a
small purse of Russian leather. "You must
excuse us for our negligence yesterday,"

she said, hurriedly. "We could not per-
mit you to be troubled without some re-
muneration," and she pressed a small
piece of silver in his hand.

At this malicious reminder of the dif-
ference in their social status, the young
man started visibly. He drew himself
up to his full height and seemed for a
moment about to spurn the business-like
offering, but his better judgment or the
admirable trait of civilized beings which
we call prudence, won the day, and
after a scarcely perceptible delay, he
turned the coin over curiously in his hand,
and then carelessly dropping it upon the
floor, as if to satisfy himself that it had
the ring of true metal, bowed low to his
benefactress.

"Do not speak of the service, Miss
Wilbur," he said, gratefully, "this fully
compensates me."

The girl was trembling with the excite-
ment of her audacious deed when she re-
turned to the room she had just left.
Her father greeted her with a puzzled air.

"A really superior fellow, my dear,"
he said thoughtfully. "There are great
possibilities in that young man. I should
not be surprised," he continued reflectively,
"to see him a person of considerable
consequence some day. And did you
happen to notice his profile when in re-
pose, Bertha? It somehow reminded me
of the faces of those old Grecian gods we
see in ancient sculpture—"

The girl gave vent to a little hysterical
laugh.

"Neither his superior manners nor his
Grecian profile render him superior to
certain material considerations generally
valued by men of his class."

"I don't understand you, Bertha."

"It is nothing—only I tendered him
the usual recognition for his services
yesterday."

"And he accepted it?" The speaker
seemed more astonished than disappointed.

"Took it with the most profound
thanks and the remark that he felt fully
repaid for his trouble by my generosity.
I am not sure," continued the girl, "but
that was the true object of his call this
evening. I think I am beginning to ac-
quire an insight into the character of this
singular young man."

Miss Wilbur was busily putting up her
writing materials as she spoke. "He is a
product of Californian civilization. He
would not be possible in the more conser-
vative circles of the Eastern States. We
shall probably see more of his type before
we return home."

The events of succeeding days appeared
to demonstrate that Miss Wilbur had
placed an effectual check on the advance-
ment of her romantic admirer. The road re-
mained closed to travel, but the passen-
gers at the hotels, thrown upon their own
devices, proved equal to the emergency,
and celebrated their enforced stay on the
desert with a continuous round of gayety.

Besides a constant succession of dramatic
readings, concerts and theatricals, the
two or three vehicles of the place were
called into constant requisition, and gay
pedestrian parties passed down the street
very day, bound on trips of exploration
through the surrounding deserts.

Bertha Wilbur observed, not without
some honest indignation, that the young
fireman loomed out a prominent and cen-
tral figure on all these occasions. The
strong limbed, genial young giant was
serving the convenience of the crowd.
In another fortnight, in all probability,
the people who now took him into their
circle with such pleasant cordiality,
would, no doubt, pass him without re-
cognition if they met him on the street.
Her own summary treatment of the man
had possessed at least the merit of honest-
ty of purpose.

When a week had passed she found
something of importance to engage her
thoughts. Her father, who had been
falling imperceptibly day by day, grew
dangerously ill. The girl hovered over
him in torturing suspense. In a strange
and isolated place, far removed from home
and friends, she endured the agony of
dread and indecision which only those
know who have met and fought the fell
destroyer face to face, alone and helpless.

As the day drew to a close, she stepped
to the window and stood looking out
over the dreary waste to the western sky,
where the sun was setting in an angry
blaze of crimson. She was overcome
with an appalling sense of loneliness and
foreboding of impending loss. If she
should die there among strangers, with-
out proper care! Burning tears fell upon
her small white hands, clenched in the
energy of despair.

"There came a low rap at the door. She
opened it to find the fireman standing
before her."

"I am told that your father is ill. May
I ask how he is feeling now?"

She stretched out her hands to him,
with a sense of need and gratitude that
for the time leveled all distinctions, nor
noticed the tight grasp in which they
were caught and held.

"What shall I do? Do you suppose
a good physician could be found? He is
so sick," she added, as the invalid turned
in his bed with a moan.

"Unhappily, Mojave does not boast a
medical practitioner of any school."

"Must he die without help?" The girl
wrung her hands in her helplessness.

"But in a little town forty miles down
the road resides one of the best physicians
on the coast."

"Oh, send for him! Send at once! No
matter at what price."

"It is not so much a matter of price,"
he returned, slowly. "We are under
strict orders to remain at Mojave until
the break in the road is repaired."

The light of hope in the girl's face
faded.

"Could you send a telegram to Mr.
Cameron, the vice-president of the road?
Do you suppose it would help?" she
timidly asked, after a pause.

"You know the vice-president?" he
questioned eagerly. "He is said to be a
very accommodating sort of a man. But
I think it is late for a telegram to
find him," drawing a clumsy silver time-
piece from his pocket. "I believe that
I myself will take the responsibility of
running 'Fifty-eight' down the road."

"Are you sure you will run a risk of

losing your place?" she generously
queried. "I would not have you injure
yourself—she hesitated a moment, in quest
of a proper word—"your prospects on
our account for the world."

An odd smile flickered for a moment
about the young man's lips.

"If I do, I shall ask you to intercede
for me with the vice-president," he gravely
replied, and quietly left the room.

Three hours later he returned, accom-
panied by a small, keen-eyed little man,
who promptly diagnosed the case and
pronounced the disease a low malarial
fever, contracted in the flooded southern
districts. The patient was in no imme-
diate danger, but his sickness might be of
several weeks' duration, and constant care
and good nursing would be required.

"I shall feel easier in leaving you Miss
Wilbur," he said, as he rose to go, "be-
cause I know that you are in good hands.
Douglas will see that you have every pos-
sible attention."

"I shall not leave Mr. Wilbur until he
is better," the fireman responded, with
decision.

The young lady awoke to a sudden
consciousness that certain social bounds
she had been wont to reverently being
flagrantly ignored. It was time to make
a sharp, decisive move, which would in-
sure a perfect understanding in the fu-
ture.

"Mr. Douglas has been very kind, in-
deed," she coolly replied. "I shall take
care that he is liberally paid for his trouble."

The eyes of the two men met—the one
with a startled note of interrogation, the
other's with an expressive frown.

"No doubt, no doubt, Miss Wilbur,"
the doctor contrived to utter, in response.
"And now I will bid you good evening.
Observe my directions strictly, and be
sure you send for me at once in case the
symptoms I described should manifest
themselves."

Succeeding days and nights resolved
themselves into a dull waiting. Occa-
sionally fellow passengers presented
themselves, with the accustomed formula
of inquiry and condolence, and lukewarm
proffers of aid in case of need. Three
times a day the little landlady appeared
at the door with a tray of food, of which
the girl managed to swallow a few mouth-
fuls, with a haunting recollection of the
deserted guest room below, with its fres-
co of cobwebs and dreary pageant of
dust-laden tables.

Silent and helpful, the fireman remained
at his post. Somewhere in his nomadic
existence he had acquired enough tact to
recognize and comprehend the rebuff
and, although a candid admiration shone
ever in his eyes, his bearing toward her
was that of distant respect. Occasionally
she yielded to his quiet request to rest for
a while, and, reclining upon the sofa,
the bodily repose which anxiety
and apprehension denied her mind, or a
rare intervals dropped off for a few
moments of quiet slumber. Her fellow
watcher seemed alike indifferent to the
need of food or sleep.

One day she stood at the window and
absently watched a train draw up at the
depot opposite, and, after a score or two
of people had gone aboard, with a snort
and a whistle, and ringing of bell, glide
off down the track. As it vanished from
sight around a curve, she read the num-
ber, "58," in large gilt figures on the loco-
motive.

"Why, it is our train—yours!" she ex-
claimed to the man, who sat quietly re-
garding her. He nodded his head, un-
moved by the announcement.

"But it is going without you!" she con-
tinued, with growing excitement. "What
will you do? You will lose your place.
You have lost it already," she apprehend-
ed, with a desperate sense of conviction.

His cool answer seemed to rebuke her
concern.

"Oh, I attended to that yesterday—told
them to put another man in my place for
two or three runs."

"Oh!" then, after a pause: "I did not
know that such things could be done by
—by persons occupying subordinate posi-
tions. I fancied railroad discipline was
very strict, and it seemed so dreadful to
think that we might be the cause of your
ruin!"

He came and stood before her with an
air of self-assertion that was little short
of impudence, when the difference in their
worldly positions was considered.

"Do you really think so lightly of me
as to imagine I could be ruined by a little
thing like that? Don't you think I am
capable of taking care of myself the wide
world over, or of any one else who en-
trusted their life to my care?" The last
words were spoken in a soft undertone.

The girl's cheeks flushed angrily. What
right had he to call her to account for her
opinions?

"It is no question of what I think. I
had no intention of entering into a dis-
cussion of your abilities," she said, coldly.
"The only matter of importance is the
extent of the disadvantage you incur
by remaining with us. I shall pay you
for your time; that has been understood
from the first. What wages do you re-
ceive on the road?" she asked, sharply,
not unwilling to humble him by this pro-
sal reminder of the lowly post he had
resigned for the time.

"Seventy-five dollars a month," he an-
swered, in a tone that was almost tri-
umphant. "You may not think it," he
added, apologetically, "but I am nearly
thirty years old, and I never earned so
much money before in my life."

"Really?" she could not refrain from a
slight interest in this life which had been
brought into such close contact with her
own, and was still so widely separated.
His next remark amused her with its be-
trayal of ignorance:

"That is a pretty little stone you have
there, pointing to a gold-mounted chain
pendant upon her watch chain."

"It is something I prize very highly.
You have probably never seen one be-
fore. They are called intaglios. Would
you like to examine it?"

She had fastened it from the chain,
and very amiably extended it to him for
closer inspection. He viewed it long and
closely.

"I once owned its exact duplicate."
"Inn—what! such things are very rare
and costly," she added, with a faint smile

of superiority. "A friend sent it to me
from Genoa. It was engraved more than
a thousand years ago, and represents a
mythological character—the goddess
Diana."

"Minerva," he quietly corrected her.
"See the helmet?" pointing carelessly to
the head. "I lost mine on the streets
of Genoa, five years ago."

"Genoa? You?" she echoed, in con-
fusion. What manner of man was this
who talked familiarly of mythological
characters, and the possession and loss of
costly gems; who referred to a sojourn in
Genoa as if it were an everyday affair, and
yet—shoveled coal for a living?

"So you have been there?"
"Yes. I spent five of the best years of
my life knocking about Europe. If it
should be the same," he continued, with
old persistence, "there should be a name
and date beneath this lock of hair. See
if you can make it out."

He held out a small, but powerful mag-
nifying glass, which he had drawn from
a buckskin case in his pocket. She seized
it almost eagerly, and bent over the stone
to confute his assertion, then raised her
eyes to him, in honest confession.

"The stone is yours. You must take it
back. I insist!"

He waved it back imperiously.
"If you talk so, I shall be sorry I ever
mentioned it. If you have ever dipped
into international law you must be aware
that a legal title is sometimes vested in
property through right of salvage. I aban-
doned my claim to the stone five
years ago."

A stir on the part of the sick man, put
an end to the discussion.

The fever raged for four weeks without
abating. The weary watchers observed
with dire foreboding that he grew weaker
and weaker, and knew that a crisis was
drawing near. With his advanced age
and enfeebled constitution, would he sur-
vive the reaction which must inevitably
follow?

One afternoon they detected the unmis-
takable tokens of a coming change. His
pulse, which had hitherto leaped with the
mad impetus of fever, grew slow and
feeble. He ceased to toss upon the pillow,
his clenched hands relaxed, and his moans
became scarcely audible. Douglas hastened
for restoratives, and Miss Wilbur
tremblingly assisted him. A telegram was
dispatched, exhorting the doctor to come
upon the evening train, now due in a
couple of hours. The thin coverings over
the sufferer were replaced with heavy
blankets, beneath the cover of which they
clayed his limbs to restore the circulation
of the sluggish blood, and bottles of warm
water were procured in a vain effort to
impart an artificial heat to his chilled
limbs. In the midst of their labors a start-
ling message came:

"Murdoch called eleven miles in coun-
try. Deliver message on return."

The effect on the two who read it was
in striking contrast. The daughter sank
into a chair unnerved and hopeless; the
man flung the bit of paper to the floor,
and turned to her with an expression of
contempt. Had he been other than an
humble workman, one might have fancied
that he had deliberately planned to rouse
the girl to action by his stinging words:

"For shame, Miss Wilbur! This is no
time to yield to selfish emotion, when he"
—indicating the pale face and inanimate
form on the bed—"so needs your help."

The girl rose to her feet, and, with
tightly compressed lips, moved swiftly
about the room, proving herself a steady
and efficient aid. Forced back upon his
own resources, the young man bent all
his energies to work to meet and conquer
the dreadful foe whose icy presence had
drawn near, and was ready to enfold the
form of the patient in an everlasting em-
brace.

The sick man himself had passed from
the wildness of delirium to the portentous
silence that attends an impending crisis.
No whisper passed his lips, but as he follow-
ed their movements, and passively submit-
ted to their efforts, they dared not ask
whether the calm eyes held prescience of
returning strength, or greeted them with
the mute farewell of a soul bound on its
last long journey.

As nightfall approached, a change was
perceptible on his face. A look of ex-
treme weariness replaced the mad, silent
watchfulness. His breath came in long,
weary respirations, and his eyelids drooped
until they folded the eyes from sight.

Always mindful of the lesser strength
of his fellow-watcher, Douglas swung the
sofa noiselessly around, until it faced the
bed on which the sufferer lay. And then
he turned to the girl.

"You must lie down."

"But if he should need me? And I
cannot sleep."

"You can keep your eyes fixed on his
face, if you like. Hoard your strength
for the time when it may be required."

Without demur she yielded to his wish;
but as he tenderly wrapped a heavy travel-
ing shawl around her, she averted her
eyes from his face. Later on, her gaze
wandered from the quiet sleeper to the
features of the man who sat gravely re-
garding her from his post beside the pil-
low, and marked the strong, intellectual
brow, the finely molded features, and the
decisive lines about the mouth and chin.

Waiting by the mysterious borderland
which separates the world of affection
from the world of reality, she gave full
way to the questionings which had been
flitting through her mind in shadowy
background during days of agonized sus-
pense. By what right dared people set
up artificial standards of human worth,
to measure a man by accidents of birth or
education, rather than fine inherent pos-
sibilities? And who was it that had said that
the grandest triumph on earth was that of
the man who proved himself the master,
rather than the slave of circumstances?

She looked back to the influences of her
own petted life.

ortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on the said mortgage, together with the costs and expenses of sale allowed by law and an attorney fee as provided for said mortgage.

Dated Detroit, October 8th, 1894.

ELIZABETH HAYES, Assignee.

X. W. COLLIER, Attorney for Assignee.

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